Then heare me gracious soueraigne, and you peeres,
Which owe your liues, your faith and seruices
To this imperiall throne.
There is no bar to stay your highnesse claime to *France*
But one, which they produce from *Faramount*,
No female shall succeed in salicke land,
Which salicke land the French vniustly gloze
To be the realme of *France*:
And *Faramont* the founder of this law and female barre:
Yet their owne writers faithfully affirme
That the land salicke lyes in *Germany*,
Betweene the flouds of *Sabeck* and of *Elme*,
Where *Charles* the fift hauing subdude the Saxons,
There left behind, and setled certaine French,
Who holding in disdaine the Germaine women,
For some dishonest maners of their liues,
Establisht there this lawe. To wit,
No female shall succeed in salicke land:
Which salicke land as I said before,
Is at this time in *Germany* called *Mesene*:
Thus doth it well appeare the salicke lawe
Was not deuised for the realme of *France*,
Nor did the French possesse the salicke land,
Vntill 400. one and twentie yeares
After the function of king *Faramont*,
Godly supposed the founder of this lawe:
Hugh Capet also that vsurpt the crowne,
To fine his title with some showe of truth,
When in pure truth it was corrupt and naught:
Conuaid himselfe as heire to the Lady *Inger*,
Daughter to *Charles*, the foresaid Duke of *Lorain*,
So that as cleare as is the sommers Sun,
King *Pippins* title and *Hugh Capets* claime,
King *Charles* his satisfaction all appeare,
To hold in right and title of the female:
So do the Lords of *France* vntil this day,
Howbeit they would hold vp this salick lawe

To bar your highnesse claiming from the female,
And rather choose to hide them in a net,
Then amply to imbace their crooked causes,
Vsurpt from you and your progenitors. (claime?
K. May we with right & conscience make this
Bi. The sin vpon my head dread soueraigne,
For in the booke of Numbers is it writ,
When the sonne dies, let the inheritance
Descend vnto the daughter.
Noble Lord stand for your owne,
Vnwinde your bloody flagge,
Go my dread Lord to your great graunsirs graue,
From whom you clayme:
And your great Vncle *Edward* the blacke Prince,
Who on the French ground playd a Tragedy
Making defeat on the full power of *France*,
Whilest his most mighty father on a hill,
Stood smiling to behold his Lyons whelpe,
Foraging blood of French Nobilitie.
O Noble English that could entertaine
With halfe their Forces the full power of *France*:
And let an other halfe stand laughing by,
All out of worke, and cold for action.
King. We must not onely arme vs against the French,
But lay downe our proportion for the Scot,
Who will make rode vpon vs with all aduantages.
Bi. The Marches gracious soueraigne, shalbe sufficient
To guard your *England* from the pilfering borderers.
King. We do not meane the coursing sneakers onely,
But feare the inayne entendement of the Scot,
For you shall read, neuer my great grandfather
Vnmaskt his power for *France*,
But that the Scot on his vnfurnisht Kingdome,
Came pouring like the Tide into a breach,
That *England* being empty of defences,
Hath shooke and trembled at the brute hereof.
Bi. She hath bin then more feared then hurt my Lord: